

believe that God can use you for His glory in the salvation of others.

These are all vital questions, and unless we have in will at least, come into these experiences, we are but deceiving ourselves if we would make ourselves believe that we have Christ in us. Christ will live the Christ-life wherever He abides. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever whether in person at the right hand of God the Father in heaven, or by His Spirit in men upon earth. This is mystery, but it is also truth.

May we all learn the mystery and experience the truth so that we may indeed have Christ in us the hope of glory.

THREE RIVERS

ZED H. COPP

He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.—Ps. 1:3.

"Planted by the rivers." What rivers? 1. God's Word. 2. Faithful Prayer. 3. Christian Association. These three constitute the great Mississippi of the Christian's grace.

It is by the rivers that he becomes "rooted and grounded"—not merely rooted, as the stunted cedar, swinging in the breeze, top down, over the face of the cliff, clinging to earth and life by a few roots, but grounded, as the giant oak with embedded roots and sky-pointing branches, bending her boughs in the storm, yet withal affording shelter and protection.

The tree planted by the Mississippi is watered by the Missouri, the Mississippi and the Ohio, and should drought ever become so severe that the waters of two of them should dry up, the tree yet has an abundant supply of moisture. Even so with the Christian planted by the rivers. Should he from any course be denied Christian association in regular worship, lose his sight so that he could no longer read the Word, or being alone, have no one to read to him, yet is there ever flowing by him strong and peaceful, the water of the river of prayer. His fruit may not be so perfect or abundant, his leaf so green and healthy as when drawing moisture from the rivers, for the combined elements of nutrition in these rivers makes the most perfect and desirable fruit and foliage, but he will continue to bring forth his fruit in his season and his leaf also shall not wither.

What of him who thro the operation of the "works of the flesh" has diverted some or all of these rivers from his life? The law of condemnation has ordered the "ax laid into the roots," and "cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?" For if we abide not in him we soon wither for lack of nutriment and are cut off by the great Husbandman and cast forth, and finally gathered up and burned. It is either fruit or fire, and no one has

to become fuel, for the rivers are ever flowing and every plant set by our heavenly Father is by the rivers of water. We do not need to watch satan, being clad in the whole armour of God, that he does not divert our supply of grace.

Home Circle

HOW TO LIVE LONG

Buffalo Express.

Sis James Sawyer, a noted physician of Birmingham, England, has been talking to an audience in that town on longevity. Its secret, he thinks, lies in the keeping of the nineteen commandments following:

1. Eight hours sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat at your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults). Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
15. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition; and
19. Keep your temper.

IN THE SAME BOAT

Selected.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

"I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

The gentleman was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are; have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place where I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman

set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy.

"Then it was drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured its contents upon the floor and said: "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.

"STOOP AS YOU GO"

Dr. Franklin gives an illustration of the wisdom of humility. Writing to an old friend, he said, "The last time I saw your father he received me in his study, and, at my departure, showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage crossed by a beam overhead. We were talking as we withdrew, and as I turned partly toward him he suddenly cried, 'Stoop! Stoop!'"

"I did not know what he meant till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never failed to impart instruction, and on this occasion he said: 'You are young, and have to go through the world, and if you stoop as you go, you will miss many hard bumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has been of great service to me, and I have often thought of it, when I have seen pride mortified and men brought low by carrying their heads too high."

WITH THE CHILDREN

Union Signal.

"I wish I had known this morning that you were going Maying after school, said Annie Reed, 'now I can't go; you couldn't wait for me to go home and ask mother. I am real sorry.'"

"Wouldn't your mother like a bunch of the sweet arbutus?"

"Oh, yes, she likes it very much, but I couldn't go and she not know where I was."

"But when you come home with the pretty flowers she'd know where you'd been."

"She wouldn't like it, if I brought her a peck of Mayflowers."

"Well, I think your mother is too funny altogether; a real old maid, I say."

Then the party went off laughing at Eva's wit, as they called it, and Annie went home a little sad. When she told about it she asked if her mother was not rather too strict, and said, "Eva can go when and where she wants to; wouldn't it be nice to have so much liberty?"

"No, I think not; for children to have great liberty sometimes causes great misery. Children that have this great freedom that you think so desirable seldom make the best women and men. You ought to be very thankful for a mother who wishes to know where you are, and if you obey now when you are